

PRICE ONE CENT.

# WILLY OBRIEN.

Johnny J. Does Not Propose to Be Left.

The Amateur Politicians May As Well Retire.

O'Brien to Be the Real District Leader Whoever the Dummy May Be.

In a few days the Republicans of the Eighth Assembly District will be reorganized, and the dangerous and corrupt John J. O'Brien, element utterly eliminated from the organization.

This is what the goody-goody members of the County Committee, who expelled John E. Brodsky, George J. Kraus and the other O'Brien members of that body fondly imagine, but they are doomed to suffer a bitter disappointment of their hopes.

They have skinned the district to find a suitable leader not in sympathy with the O'Brien-Rourke influence, and finally picked upon Samuel Engel, a wealthy butcher of Essex Market, who resides at 123 Ludlow street.

For seven years and until 1888, Engel was hand and glove with O'Brien and was during all that time President of the John J. O'Brien Association.

A curious difference with the man who carries the Eighth District vote in his pocket led to a breach of the friendly relations which existed between O'Brien and Engel, and the latter retired from active political life.

He is the man who has been selected by the amateur politicians of the Republican committee to carry the spoils of the borough, but the poor deluded purists will not know that their selection was actually made by the great Johnny O'Brien himself until they read this issue of THE EVENING WORLD.

O'Brien never proposed to give up his control of the district, but he intends to hold it by strategy rather than by the spoils of a narrow struggle for supremacy in which he knows that he would be the victor. He wants the dressed-out amateurs of the county committee to realize that their superior political sagacity has been too much for him, and have their eyes opened to the true state of affairs at the next election, when Johnny, Larry and the other O'Brien boys will be pulling the strings and handling the cash as of yore.

For several nights the back room of Barney Rourke's gilded gin palace in Forsyth street has been the scene of secret conferences. Samuel Engel, the new leader, who is to reform the Eighth Assembly District Republican organization, has been present at every one of these sessions, and the men who have been admitted to these conclaves by Rourke's brother, who jealously guards the door, are John J. O'Brien, Barney Rourke, Assemblyman "Silver Dollar" Smith, John E. Brodsky and Alderman Christian Goetz.

The wily O'Brien has captured the reformer Engel. All of their differences have been adjusted, and he has secured the valuable assistance of the gentlemen named in making up a committee which will seem to be the new County Committee.

This has been the business of the secret meetings, and a ticket has been prepared with Engel at its head, made up of seven names, entirely new, but who have been seen and who are known to be entirely in accord with Johnny and his methods.

The Republicans of the district will be enraptured with the new ticket and the reform (it) will be complete.

This may be depended on as the programme unless this expose should cause the committee to entirely new, but who have been seen and who are known to be entirely in accord with Johnny and his methods.

In any event John J. O'Brien will be found to be the power behind the throne, no matter who is the nominal leader.

## NEW JERSEY'S LEGISLATURE.

McDermott Understood to Have Yielded the Speakership to Hudspeth.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 8.—It is understood that the trouble with Frank McDermott over the Speakership of the Assembly is settled, and that he will acquiesce in Hudspeth's nomination.

Senator Werts, of Morris, will be President of the Senate.

There is a bitter feeling over the fact that ex-Assemblyman Chapman, of Hudson, has been knocked out of both secretarieships in the Senate.

Senator Cramer, of Ocean, will receive the honorary nomination for President from the Republicans.

There is no United States Senatorial caucus this week, neither Abbott nor McPherson being here.

Scottish Crofters Starving.

THE EVENING WORLD Extra was the only paper in this town yesterday that printed the important sporting news that Sullivan and Kilrain were to meet July 8. The Evening Sun, with characteristic carelessness, incorrectly gave the date as July 7, which is Sunday. If you want prompt and reliable sporting news, and all other kinds of news are a g., THE EVENING WORLD is the paper to buy.

The Power of Ink.

## A CITY MARSHAL SHOT DOWN.

GUSTAVE SIMON RESISTS A LEVY ON HIS HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Marshall Goode, from Justice Monell's Court, Went to Simon's House This Morning to Enforce a Civil Judgment—Simon Shot Him Twice in the Back and Face, and He Is Dangerously Hurt.

There was bloody work at the house of Lacey Merchant Gustave Simon, at 114 East Fifty-sixth street, this morning when City Marshal Michael Goode, of the Seventh District Court, tried to enforce a levy.

Marshall Goode brought a civil judgment order signed by Justice Monell in a suit against Simon.

He was admitted by the servant, but was met in the hallway by Simon, who ordered him out. He showed his warrant and said he and his men must be allowed to take possession.

He proceeded further along the hallway, followed by the excited man, who, after more angry words, drew a revolver and fired twice at Goode.

The Marshal was hit in the face, and then he turned a bullet entered his back.

He fell on his face bleeding profusely and calling for help.

A policeman from the Twenty-third Precinct entered and arrested Mr. Simon, who, pale and trembling, said that he did not resist and was taken to the station-house.

Goode was carried to his home, 145 East Forty-seventh street, and was attended by his family physician. He is reported to be in a dangerous condition.

Later, Mr. Simon was taken to the Yorkville Police Court, and held to await the result of the medical examination.

Goode is forty-eight years of age and a married man. He is a great favorite with his fellow-officers of Justice Monell's Court.

## BRIDGEPORT'S SNAKE CHARMER.

He Lives in a Cave Filled with Reptiles—Taught by an Indian Maiden.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Jan. 8.—Samuel Greenrod, taxidermist, succeeded in frightening a member of the Scientific Society yesterday.

On Saturday evening he presented himself to the curator of the Society, introducing himself as Prof. Greenrod, who had been engaged by the Society to prepare some stuffed birds. Greenrod at once began to draw snakes out of his pockets and breast of his coat and throw the reptiles on a table.

The curator was alarmed, but Greenrod called the snakes by name, and each obeyed his summons.

Yesterday a member of the Society visited Greenrod's laboratory. It is situated in the northern part of Stratford, in a cave. In one apartment are snakes of various species and great variety. Greenrod entered this room, where the snakes were crawling over the rough stone wall, and picked the serpents up in his bare hands.

How much the serpents spit fire or flashed their eyes. Greenrod toyed with them, and seemed unconcerned with several writhling snakes in his pockets. His spectator was dismayed.

Prof. Greenrod is preparing a lot of birds for the Society, and will possibly mount some snakes in the collection.

He is an Englishman, and passed three years of his life living among the Indians, and is familiar with their customs. He fell in love with an Indian girl, and from her learned the art of snake charming.

Greenrod drives about town with an ox harnessed like a horse before a cart.

## ECHOES FROM THE COURT.

The January Term of the Queens County Over and Termined.

The January term of the Queens County Court of Oyer and Terminer, Judge Brown presiding, opened at the Court-House in Long Island City yesterday. The morning session was occupied with the calling of the calendar, which is a heavy one, and the Judge's charge to the Grand Jury.

The remainder of the day was taken up with the suit of W. W. Jones, colored, as administrator, to recover from Thomas Quinn, General Manager of the Export Lumber Company, \$5,000 damages for the death of his father, Anthony Jones, twenty-two years of age.

The deceased was killed in December, 1889, on Front street, Hunters Point, 32, being struck by an Export Lumber truck which, while crossing the Long Island Railroad track, was run down a train that was backing.

Quinn was employed at the crossing and was in the act of trying to prevent the truck from crossing the track at the time of the accident which resulted in his death. An action was then commenced against the Export Lumber Company, but the Judge dismissed the case.

The jury were instructed by Judge Brown last night to bring in a sealed verdict.

The rabbit-coursing case did not arise before the Queens County Grand Jury yesterday. It will probably be taken up by that body next Monday.

## THEY ALL ENVIED REICH.

FIVE MURDERERS FELT A PANG WHEN HE LEFT FOR SING SING TO-DAY.

He Has Just Scaped Joe Atkinson's Clutches, and Can Live Secure to the End of His Days—Will Giffin, Packenham, Carlin, and Lewis He As Lucky? They Made Him Goodspeed.

Adolph Reich left the Tombs this morning at 7 o'clock with seven other prisoners in the van of the prison. They were driven to the Forty-second street station and took the early train for Sing Sing.

Reich was a happy man. True, "there were gypsies on his wrists," and a wife's blood on his hands, but the latter that he was tightening around his neck for so long and which he expected would choke all power of enjoyment out of him forever this week has been cast away.

He can see the blue sky, draw in the pure air, feel comforting warmth and relish good food, even if he is clothed in a striped suit, a prisoner for life.

Yesterday the news of Reich's commuted sentence was given to him, the death-watch was removed, and the Sheriff told him that he would go to Sing Sing this morning. The murderer declared that he would never don his daleth for his main devoirs without a prayer for nob. Gov. Hill, who had snatched him out of the jaws of death.

Deputy Sheriff Joseph Burke found him up and dressed when he went to Reich's cell in the new prison at 6:30 this morning. He had risen early, dressed himself with a glad shiver of relief as he thought of the escaped gibbet, and took his hot coffee and rolls with a keen appetite.

He was taken over to the old prison. As he passed along the corridor by the five cells, in each of which was a caged brother murderer, the reprobate man said a few words of farewell to them in his poor English.

Hope is never dead in a condemned man till he loses consciousness on the scaffold, and it was a boon to their expectations to see one of their number, a man who had razed, go forth to life, if not freedom.

The five men, Giffin, Packenham, Carlin, Carlin, and the dusky Lewis, wished him good-bye with some show of sympathy, though there was a tinge of envy in their tones.

Reich was taken to the old prison and handed over to the other prisoners. He shook hands with the prison officials and climbed into the van, which rattled out of the prison yard. No one is allowed in at this time, so the murderer's son had to defer seeing his father till the railroad station.

Reich took nothing with him. His black suit, the death toilet, is distasteful to him, and he will not wear it, but intends giving it away. He will be employed in the tailoring department at Sing Sing, as he is used to a needle and thread.

He was as cheerful as a young boy given a new toy, and said Sheriff Finlay to THE EVENING WORLD reporter.

Coroner Levy, the Rabbi and young Reich called on him yesterday to congratulate him on his release.

## LORELLARD'S FLOATING STABLE.

He Can Now Navigate Parts of South Carolina Waters Hitherto Inaccessible.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Jan. 8.—Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the millionaire tourist, who has taken such a fancy to the glorious climate and well-stocked hunting grounds of South Carolina, is expected here some time this week to spend the rest of the Winter.

Mr. Lorillard, while in Charleston a short time ago, stated that he would return in January with his yacht, for the hunting season. He left his yacht, the Reva, here in charge of the captain and gave orders for the construction of a floating stable or river boat, to be used by him on his hunting expeditions.

The craft was for some time been in course of construction at Pagnall's shipyard and is now almost completed. It will be launched in a day or two and will be ready for use by the time Mr. Lorillard returns to Charleston.

The craft was seen at Pagnall's shipyard yesterday by a reporter of THE EVENING WORLD.

It is like no other boat, but is peculiar to itself, having been designed at the North after Mr. Lorillard's own ideas. The vessel is 40 feet long by 14 feet beam, and is of a sloped model, with flat bottom, and is light and swift.

It will be only about two feet, so that it can be taken up the shallowest rivers and streams. It has a rudder, but no propelling apparatus, as Mr. Lorillard will have the Reva to tow it. He never his fondness for sport may dictate. The main deck is housed in. Within the inclosure there are stalls for four horses, and a cabin accommodations forward for three men. Above the cabin is a roomy deck, surrounded by a hand-rail.

This will probably be used by the men while on the river, and for the first time the dog kennel, which is said to be one of the finest in the country. Near the stern of the vessel is housing apparatus for raising or lowering the Reva to and from the shore and dogs can be put ashore almost at a moment's notice.

With such a vessel Mr. Lorillard and his friends can navigate themselves to many parts of the coast which have hitherto been comparatively inaccessible to sportsmen, and amid the teeming rivers and beautiful lowlands about Charleston will enjoy some of the finest sport to be found anywhere in the country.

## TAMMANY IS THE TENTH.

The Tammany Hall General Committee of the Twenty-fourth Assembly District has organized as Julius Harberger for Chairman, Thomas H. Flanagan, First Vice-Chairman; Ferdinand Scherer, Second; William H. Fay and Louis Stecker, Secretaries; Henry Fleckenheimer, Treasurer; Charles Laue, Sergeant-at-Arms; Charles Stecker is Chairman of the Committee on Organization and member of the Committee of Twenty-four.

## Another Church to Move Uptown.

The trustees of the First Baptist Church, Thirty-ninth street and Park avenue, Rev. Isaac M. Halderman, pastor, have been empowered to sell the property, with a view of locating further uptown, the neighborhood of Seventy-second street and the Boulevard being proposed as a site. The church has occupied its present site for six years, being formerly located on Broom street.

## Funeral of Mann's Victim.

The funeral of Carrie Jones, who was murdered by her uncle, William Mann, in a fit of jealousy, at 342 East Fifty-fourth street, on Sunday, took place from the home of her sister, 609 Third avenue, this morning. The service was very simple and the attendance small. The body of Mann, the murderer and suicide, is still at an undertaker's and will be buried privately.

## A VALISE FULL OF JEWELS.

JOHN BURNS SAID TWO STRANGE MEN GAVE IT TO HIM.

But the Brooklyn Police Prefer to Believe Burns Stole It from Griffith's Factory—Shrewd Detective Noonan's Hard Chase and Clever Capture of a Burglar in the City of Churches.

John Burns, the man arrested in Brooklyn by Detective Edward Noonan last night, with a kit of burglar's tools and a valise full of small pieces of jewelry in his possession, was taken before Justice Walsh this morning and remanded for further examination.

The jewelry in the valise was identified to-day by Henry Griffiths as having been taken from his jewelry factory in Nutria alley, near Adams street, which was burglarized last night.

Burns denied all knowledge of the contents of the valise, and said it was given him by two strange men to carry to New York.

The fellow is short, thick set, about thirty-five years of age, and claims to be a boiler-maker, residing at 338 West Thirty-third street. He has a firm, resolute face, and is evidently fearless.

Detective Noonan saw him about 10:30 o'clock last night when he stood on Adams street, near High street. Burns then came walking rapidly towards the Bridge entrance, carrying the valise.

Something about Noonan's suspicions, and, stepping up to the man, he placed his hand on his shoulder and asked him what he had in the valise.

"Door fasteners," replied Burns. "I will have to ask you to go to the station-house," said Noonan, and "All right," responded the man.

They started down High street to Fulton and were nearing the corner of Main when Burns jumped to one side, and raising the valise struck Noonan over the back of the neck. He then ran down Main street, to York, to Front, with Noonan close behind him.

At the corner of Dock street Noonan called upon him to stop, but Burns paid no heed. He turned around and fired three shots at him.

The bullets did not strike him, but he became alarmed and Noonan caught up with him. Burns then fired three shots, and escaped with the valise.

About the same time that Burns was arrested, Detectives Roche and Ryan, of the First Precinct, noticed two young men acting suspiciously on Pearl near Nassau street.

They took them to the First Precinct Station House, where they searched their names as Rudolph Schultz, of 340 Eighth street, and Paul Lindau, alias Seibert, of 1518 First avenue, New York.

In Lindau's pockets were found a loaded revolver and two bullets. Seibert had a five-dollar counterfeit bill in his possession. Rumor says they were accomplices of Burns.

## PATRICK COTTER IS MISSING.

He Vanished Strangely from James Slip on New Year's Eve.

INFORMATION wanted by Julia Cotter, of 57 Montross street, her husband, Patrick Cotter, of 57 Montross street, who left home on New Year's Eve, and has not been seen since.

He is a tall, dark man, about 35 years of age, with light brown eyes, medium height, stout build, and is a native of Ireland. He is a black and white checker white stockings. Congress entered into the case on Long Island Railroad case on Dec. 31, 1888.

At twenty minutes to 9 on New Year's Eve Patrick Cotter bade his wife good-night and wished her a happy New Year.

He then passed out into the beautiful, balmy night, so unusual for that time of the year.

This remains as the last time his wife has seen him.

He went down to the James street slip, where he was to assist in unloading a float of the Long Island Railroad.

He had been told that the stringpiece of the dock with Patrick Connerty, the foreman, until 10:30 o'clock, when the tug towing the float came.

"What's the matter there? Hurry up," called the man in the bow of the tug.

But Cotter had vanished as completely as if he had never existed. He was not to be seen.

This is the last known of him. Grappling-irons were dragged over the bottom of the river about and under the wharf, but he was not found.

He had worked on the docks of the city for over twenty years, having been night watchman at the East Fifty-seventh street station, the Grand Union Hotel, and Co. for nine years at pier 23 East River.

Mr. Cotter is prostrated with grief. She has but the faintest hope that her husband will yet be found.

## WHAT'S BECOME OF IT?

About \$750,000 That the Public Would Like to Know About.

Interesting Figures for the Electric Sugar Victims.

3,200 Shares for Somewhere Near \$900,000.

What Became of Most of the President and Treasurer's Stock.

All of the interesting details of the electric sugar-refining swindle have not been explained.

What has become of the vast sum of money gathered from the Company's victims is an unknown factor.

The following tables, made up from figures given out by Treasurer Robertson from time to time, show that between \$700,000 and \$800,000 has not been accounted for at all.

DISPOSITION OF SHARES.

Original issue, 10,000  
The Friends got, 5,250  
Selling to the public, 2,000  
Woodworth appropriated, 561  
Sold for Company's benefit, 2,199  
Totals, 10,000

SHARES UNPAID.

The Friends (alleged to be), 5,250  
Cottrell, 473  
Robertson, 420  
Totals, 6,143

SHARES SOLD.

Company, 2,199  
Cottrell and Robertson, 7,191  
Totals, 9,390

MONEY RECEIVED (ALLEGED).

From English holders (for 7,500 shares), \$810,000  
From American holders (500 shares), 118,000  
Totals, \$928,000

TREASURER ROBERTSON'S FIRST REPORT.

Company's receipts (admitted), \$350,000  
Paid to Friends for machinery, \$180,000  
Expenses not accounted for, 170,000  
Totals, \$500,000

Total amount received (estimated), \$928,000  
Company's receipts (admitted), 350,000  
Difference, \$578,000  
Unaccounted for alleged expenses, 170,000

What the public would like to know about, \$748,000.

An EVENING WORLD young man arrived at the office of the Electric Sugar Refining Company, 69 Wall street, before Treasurer Robertson did this morning, and he wanted to know a lot about affairs and figures of the big fraud.

When Mr. Robertson did arrive he sat down with the reporter and they made a calculation, upon Mr. Robertson own figures, showing that during his career 3,200 shares of Electric Refining Company stock had been sold since his connection with the Company.

Of these 2,700 shares were disposed of in England at prices ranging from \$100 to \$600, which, at an average of \$200 per share (a very low average), would net \$540,000.

Five hundred and ninety of the shares were sold in this city at from \$80 to \$500 per share, which at an average of \$200 per share would net \$118,000—a total of \$658,000.

All along Mr. Robertson has stated that in round numbers the company had only received \$350,000, of which only \$180,000 is accounted for.

The question is, then, "WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE OTHER \$748,000?"

MR. ROBERTSON'S EXPLANATION.

Here is his explanation, nearly verbatim: "When the Company was organized the Friends got 5,250 shares of stock and the promoters 4,000 shares."

"After Friend's death, Mr. Friend, feeling that he had not dealt fairly by the Company, he having spent at a party of \$25,000 and being told by him for drink during the last three or four months of his life, turned over to the company 750 shares of the stock, leaving her with 5,250 shares, which she still holds now with me."

"This leaves 4,750 shares to be accounted for, of which Mr. Cottrell now has 423 shares, I have 476, and 561 shares Woodworth made use of."

## SARAH SOUCH'S LETTERS.

She Longed for Them, but They Never Came.

"Any letters for me?" has for the last six months been the question on the lips of Sarah Socha, a brunette, aged twenty-four years, of 80½ Henry street.

She would address herself to the letter-carriers of Station B, on Grand street, and her constant vigilance has annoyed them greatly.

"Whom do you expect a letter from?" she was asked when she first came around, and she answered, "From my lover."

Her brother caused her arrest for insanity and she was arraigned at East 12th street this morning. The brother said that she believed every one who looked at her to be in love with her and to be sending her letters. She was held for medical examination.

## A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

The True Story Coming Out About the Shooting of John Bender.

As the excitement caused in Bayside, L. I., by the mysterious shooting of young John Bender on New Year's Day dies out, the facts relating to the occurrence are more easily obtained. Various stories have been told, but the true version of the affair was given to a WORLD reporter yesterday.

The shot received by Bender, it is currently believed, was fired by a man named Michael Brown, who is the son of the late John Brown. There is also in Mr. Brown's employ a girl named Jane Kelly, to whom Brown and Bender were engaged. Brown, being in the same man's employ, had more opportunities to be in the case, and this caused a feeling of jealousy on Michael's part.

On New Year's Day the two men quarrelled and Bender, who had a shot in his hand, was going to the depot, he met Brown near Riley's place, going away from it, and just as the latter was about to enter a shop, he fired the ball striking Bender in the mouth, piercing the lip, grooving the tongue and lodging in the brain.

McMahon had fired the shot from the porch of Riley's saloon, and it is believed to have been aimed at Brown.

McMahon fled from the town. This action and the fact of a quarrel between him and Bender, which was known to the public, led to a good reputation in the neighborhood. A warrant was issued for his arrest, but Sheriff Schmidt has not yet found him.

Bender's condition is improving, and it is now believed that he will recover.

## VERY TIRED OF HIS WIFE.

Ludwig Cohen Agrees with Those Who Think Marriage a Failure.

Ludwig Cohen met and married his wife Jennie, in June, 1886. He was twenty-two and she was twenty.

When he was married he was young, handsome, plump and took much pleasure in life. Now he is hollow-eyed and has a frightened look in his eyes.

He has asked him for limited divorce on the ground of desertion and cruelty and she wants alimony and counsel fees.

More than once he has said that he deserted him during his first absence from home after their marriage in Chicago. He was shocked, but he did not know what to do.

On one occasion, he says, she set him up against a door and threw knives and forks at him. He was not hurt, but he was shocked, and the enraged wife rushed into her bedroom, turned on the gas and lay down to await the result.

He followed her, but he did not know what to do. He was not hurt, but he was shocked, and the enraged wife rushed into her bedroom, turned on the gas and lay down to await the result.

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